

Edgefield Advertiser.

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NO. 46

JOHNSTON LETTER.

The Advertiser Enjoyed. Mrs. Kirby Entertained New Century Club. Smyley Name Not Extinct.

The Christmas edition of The Advertiser was especially attractive, and appealing and breathed of the Yuletide spirit and each page has been enjoyed. May the Advertiser live 70 times 77 years to greet its readers with Xmas wishes.

The Christmas exercises of the Sunbeam band will be held on Sunday evening, Dec. 22nd, at the Baptist church. This promises to be very interesting and no doubt there will be a large audience.

Miss Emma Watkins entertained a few of her school friends with a dining on Saturday.

Mrs. W. A. Kirby was hostess for the new century club on Tuesday afternoon and two profitable, and delightful, hours were spent by the members with her. Following routine business the lesson for the afternoon, "The Tempest," was read by Mrs. W. S. Scott. Several interesting discussions were brought forth, and the "Wooring of Mirrands," was given in dialogue form. After the reading of the account of "that storm," Miss Gladys Sawyer gave a perfect rendition of it on the piano. Refreshments served was an ending, and the salad course was followed by sweets with cake. The sweets were served in oranges cut like baskets and the handles were tied with the club colors green and white.

In an account of the death of Mr. Mott Smyley, which appeared in one of the papers, the writer stated that with him passed away the Smyley name. There are several living descendants of the late Col. Jackson A. Smyley, his son, Mr. St. Clair Smyley, of Birmingham, Ala., who has two sons, James Smyley, of Charlotte, grandson of first mentioned, and John and Jackson Smyley, of Ala., grandsons, and sons of the late John Smyley.

The Phi Alpha Sigma circle was entertained on Wednesday afternoon by Miss Orlena Cartledge. Two hours were happily spent, and refreshments were served before the merry party adjourned.

Mrs. Susie Latimer, who is spending the winter in Charleston with her son, Dr. Latimer, arrived this week for a few days stay, and from here will go to Birmingham, Ala., to spend the holidays with the family of her son, Rev. Leon Latimer.

Miss Josephine Mobley visited in Augusta the first of the week.

Mrs. James A. Dohy and Master James Nixon, have gone to Parkville for a week's stay.

Mr. O. D. Black, traveling salesman for R. M. Hughes & Co. of Ky., of Monogram vinegar fame, made the highest sales of his representatives in South Carolina for this year, he having sold over \$12,000.00, of the line carried.

Mr. Julian Mobley has gone to Florida to join his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mobley, where they are spending the winter months.

Miss Ivy Turner, of Randolph, Va., will arrive this week to spend the Christmas with her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Key.

Christmas season is well on and the shop windows are very attractive, and a number of them are quite original with the display of Christmas goods. Holley and mistletoe are much in evidence, and the streets are beginning to be filled with shoppers that are being wise by an early start.

Mr. J. L. Oxner, of Hephzibah, Ga., was here during the past week.

Mr. Frank Boatwright, of Ridge, has been the guest of his brother, Mr. B. L. Boatwright at The Cedars.

Miss Daisy Sawyer of Vidalia, Ga., arrived last week to spend some time with relatives.

Mr. J. W. Scott, of Columbia, spent Sunday here with his family, who are spending the winter here.

Miss Inez Wetherford, of Augusta is visiting Miss Lottie Bland.

Bella—Oh, dear, the diamond in my engagement ring has got a flaw in it.

George—Take no notice darling. Love should be blind, you know.

Bella—Yes, but one need not be stone blind.

Cash Prizes Awarded In The Advertiser's Corn Contest of Nineteen Hundred Twelve



MR. JOHN P. HOYT, Winner of First Prize.

There were about forty farmers who entered the contest this year but only two had their corn officially measured by the judges appointed for that purpose. The yields according to these reports were as follows:

Mr. John P. Hoyt 118 ³/₂₀ Bushels
Mr. Asa G. Broadwater 94 ³/₈ "

These gentlemen will receive \$15 and \$10, respectively. A third prize of \$5 was offered but it cannot be awarded as only two reports were filed.

A large number of contestants made

good yields, but as their corn was injured by insects or the drought, they did not increase the yield. The Advertiser regrets that the third prize can not be awarded.

This closes the fourth corn contest that The Advertiser has held, and while it has cost the Editor considerable time and effort, as well as money, he feels fully repaid by the stimulus that has been given corn growing throughout the county by the contests.



MR. ASA G. BROADWATER, Winner of Second Prize.

A Clod Breaker From Flat Rock

Good morning Mr. Mims, and all schools! Be not too busy to hear what a friend has to say December the 18! Nearly another year has rolled around and we are all here yet. Who can see why God lets special ones of us live, and others who are just as useful die? That is a question we are apt to ask ourselves about this time every year. We can not hope for an answer to it until we understand the great plan of things better than we do now. I think the year 1912 will be remembered by all of us who live. Just think of the deaths around us, the Titanic disaster, the Mississippi flood, and many other things. This shows to all we ought never forget the duty of obedience to our God.

Now, Mr. Mims, please get all school cousins to be quiet and not worry you for I will worry you myself. First, I wish to choose for my subject "Sunshine." It sounds queer doesn't it? Cousins, I wonder how many of us carry sunshine with us during the day, lighting up some one's pathway so dark by sending forth a few slanting rays of cheer, hope or courage? Sunshine chase away the clouds, causing a bright light to appear on the horizon of some poor soul. Oh, if we realized the value of scattering sunshine instead of frowns. A smile has won a thousands times more than a frown. So let's up and be doing and open doors and windows wherever we are, for the sunshine to have full sway.

Sunday afternoon just as the golden slant of the afternoon sun was slowly disappearing behind the western banks, friends and cousins gathered at my home, some of the girls at the organ playing and singing. Cousin Pat Bussey made a delightful talk. It will long be remembered by all.

Mr. Casey is very sick. His daughter, Mrs. Annie Agner, has arrived to be with him.

Miss Ruth will close our school a week before Christmas. Cousin Mattie Bailey will go home with her.

Tee Bailey.

The philanthropic lady was visiting a lower East side school. To test brightness of some of the poorer pupils, she asked them:

"Children what is the greatest of all the virtues?"

No one answered.

Think a little, she said. "What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk with you for your good?"

A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing little boy?"

"Butin' in."

Sympathetic Letter.

For several consecutive months there have been quite a number of deaths in our community, which of necessity have brought deep sorrow into the lives of a number of persons. A perfectly satisfactory explanation of the mystery of sorrow may not be afforded us in this present life, for the Man of Sorrows said, "What I do now thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter." Our ignorance on earth is an omen of our perfect knowledge in the life which is to come. What most we lack, then, is patience to wait and an abiding trust in which to be at peace amidst life's storm. These dear departed ones have left a message for earth's pilgrims, and it is this: "Weep not for me; but for yourselves." I once read upon a tombstone an epitaph which was evidently copied from the Psalms. It was this: "We asked his life of thee; thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever."

The dead now enjoy the substance of life, if they died in the Lord. The living are subsisting on the shadow. It might be well for us to remember that the same storm cloud which seemed so dark and threatening afterward became a background upon which the rays of the setting sun painted a panorama of peaceful glory. A glory so transcendent, as we gazed upon it, that it not only inspired a hope of immortality, but made us long for wings that we might fly away and be at rest. It is this person, after all, that can look beyond life's horizon and see the Celestial City and the King in His beauty. Those who have no vision of the Eternal cannot suffer much, because they cannot see; and those whose vision can reach to the land of Beulah, will not suffer much, because they can see.

The writer of this article has had the sad experience of parting with three grown members of his immediate family within the short space of eighteen months; but never once has he questioned the wisdom and mercy of the Almighty. It is the vision of the eternal which has removed every interrogation mark and substituted an exclamation of praise to Him who blessed us in giving and blessed THEM in taking away! You will observe that "most of the beatitudes" which fell from the lips of Him, who spake as never man spake, had "the sorrows of life for their subject, but the joys of Heaven as a result. It is the real heart-felt sorrow which afterward yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Sorrow is only one of the lower notes in the oratoria of our blessedness." The sad

word Marah' (bitter) is only the rich soil of which grows the beautiful flowers of divine grace. We are to sing by making the most of our pain, and making the most of our grief. The moon of our pride has ceased to shine; that the stars of our virtues shine in the darkness of the night of disappointment and grief. Moses saw the land of promise from the place where he was buried. The rainbow of promise is formed of the mists and clouds of life. Jesus appeared to His disciples on the sea shore when it was so dark they could hardly perceive who He was. It was amidst the raging of Galilee that they heard His voice saying, "peace be unto thee."

In the daylight of prosperity God led His chosen people by means of a cloud. It was in the darkness of despair that he led them by means of a pillar of fire. Sorrows enrich life's soil, and tears are the dews of Hermon to revive the drooping flower. It is in the valley of humiliation that we find the ripe fruits of a transparent life. But I cannot comfort you; and for this I thank God: for if I could, you would not seek the comfort which comes from Him alone! You must find comfort where I have found it—in sweet communion with the Comforter. Otherwise, you must trudge along through life bearing your burden of sorrow alone. But sympathy we all can give, if we only possess it. One has said, "The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows." Without sympathy life would soon become intolerable. When every other thing has fled, upon that downy pillow we may place our weary head. Just to know that the path we trod is a beaten one; that the tears we shed are salted with human sympathy; that the groans we utter are echoes of the past; that others have had as much lead in their hearts as ours; that their thoughts have been the temper of our thoughts; that their feelings have been the forerunners of ours; that the sun of their hopes had gone down behind the same clouds; that the spell of death had cast upon them the same shadow; that their ships had staggered in the same dark waters; that their valley had been as gloomy as ours; that their sting of death had been as sharp; that their grave had assumed as much victory. If from such we can receive a sympathetic glance, listen to the throbbing of a sympathetic heart, hear the voice of compassion, and know a love baptized with a similar woe, it will al-

leviate our pain, dissipate the gloom which almost defies human solace, brighten life and scatter the flowers of hope along our pathway, as we thank God for the victory of Him who is the first fruits of the resurrection from the dead. To all of earth's sorrowing pilgrims I extend through the columns of this paper my heart felt sympathy. "I ask thee for a thankful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And to wipe the weeping eyes, And a heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathize." E. C. Bailey.

News Items From Trenton.

The music class of Miss Roseva Harrison will give a recital at the school house Friday night. The public is cordially invited. The exercises will begin at 8 o'clock. No admission fee will be charged. The many friends of Miss Ida Ryan will rejoice to know that she will be at home this week.

Mrs. H. M. Herlong spent the week end with her mother at Batesburg.

Mr. John McCarty of Mt. Willing visited relatives here last week. There will be a Union Xmas tree for the Sunday schools at the Baptist church on the 20th.

Mrs. Leila Leppard is at home again after visiting relatives in Georgia.

It is commonly reported that at least one, if not more, surprise marriages will take place during the next fortnight.

Sunday Deliveries of Express.

Mr. J. A. Townsend, Agt., Edgefield, S. C.

Dear Sir:—To relieve the congestion and facilitate prompt deliveries of Christmas packages, please see your mayor now and request the privilege of making deliveries on Sunday 22nd inst. to such patrons as are willing to receive their shipments on that day. This has always been done in the past.

We will NOT make deliveries of liquor and you should inform the mayor of that fact.

Request your local papers to print news items asking patrons who will or will not receive packages on Sunday, to inform you promptly as we do not desire to send out matter to others than those who are prepared to receive and receipt for it.

Also see your merchants and learn if they will receive their matter date named.

Advise promptly.
O. M. Sadler, Supt.

Death of Mr. Hugh Waters.

While Mr. Hugh Waters had been in feeble health for the past three years, yet within recent months there had not been any decided change for the worse. His sudden death last Sunday night about 9:15 o'clock, after he had been discharging his duties as usual during the previous week, was a great surprise and shock to his friends. The other members of the family circle went to church as usual Sunday night and left him lying by the fire reading. Upon their return from church, Mr. Waters was found in an unconscious condition and died in a few minutes. He was a member of the Baptist church and a member of the Parkville camp of the Woodmen of the World, in which fraternal order he carried insurance to the amount of \$3,000. He was in his 35th year.

Mr. Waters was a member of a very large family that has always held high place among the citizenship of the county. He had endeared himself to a large number of friends in the western side of the county where he spent the greater part of his life, and since coming to Edgefield several years ago to make his home he has been held in very high esteem here.

Mr. Waters is survived by his wife, three brothers, T. A., J. E. and D. B. Waters, one half-sister, Mrs. Dolly Turner, and two half-brothers, H. H. and J. W. Smith. The funeral service was conducted in the Baptist church Monday afternoon at three o'clock, Dr. M. D. Jeffries officiating.

Honor Roll Edgefield Graded School, for December.

1st grade, section "B":—Manly DeLoach, Emma Martin, W. C. Oniz. Section "A":—Elizabeth Lott, Mary Lyon, Morrison Lott, John Lott, Davis Lott.

2nd grade—Eleanor Mims, Lillian Cheatham, Helen Nicholson, Mitchell Wells, George Tompkins, Raymond Folk, Robert Oniz.

3rd grade—Elizabeth Rives, Rosa Zimmerman, Lois Mims, Lillian Pattison.

4th grade—Edith Oniz, Strom Thurmond, Norma Shannhouse, Raymond Dunovant, Mary Campbell, Alma Thomas, Sara Lyon, Edgar Padgett.

5th grade—Arthur Britf, Edwin Folk, James Sharpston.

6th grade—Leila Roper, Margaret May.

7th grade—Onida Pattison, Annie O'Hara, Carroll Rainsford.

8th grade—Ida Folk, Alma DeLoach, Blondelle Hart, Guy Broadwater, Ruth Lyon, Florence Mims, Helen Dorn.

Union Meeting.

The union meeting of the second division of the Edgefield Baptist association will meet with the Republican church on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in December, at 10 a. m. Devotional exercises by the moderator.

1st Query—What are the obligations of a Christian to the church and the world? George Wright, J. D. Hughey.

2nd Query—Is it not the prevailing idea of many that people join the church to be saved rather than to serve? If so is it in accord with the teaching of the scripture? W. Medlock, Rev. J. T. Littlejohn.

3rd Query—Shall our inability to meet our temporal obligations lessen our contributions to the cause of the church? S. B. Mays, Rev. J. P. Mealing.

4th Query—Can a Christian who devotes most of his time and thought to business affairs fulfill his mission in life? Wallace Prescott, H. L. Bunch.

Sunday services to be provided for.

P. B. Lanham, For Committee.

Foils a Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25cts at Penn & Holstein's, W. E. Lynch & Co.